THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

TO A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HELEN BIRCH.

Tell me, sweetest, fairest flowers,
Buds of beauty rare,
With your odor, delicious fragrance,
Filling all the air,
All the light and life of summer,
Bringing to my darkened room
From your fairy presence clustering
All the richness and the gloom!

Tell me at whose gentle bidding
To come hither were ye—
Whose rare taste and genius nature
In your beauty see? I see?
Can thy line, dear Sidney Rosebud,
And the kidder name reveal—
Rich a wealth? All truth be given
On these petals cut a one!

Then will tell, sweet-hearted Verbena—
What! no answer can I get?
Then I'll ask thy sweeter neighbor,
Darling little Mignonette.
Silent all—Petunia, Myrtle,
Even my precious Heliotrope,
Gillyflower, and soft, green Cedar—
Have I wrong, then, to hope?

Ah, there's tell me, Lady Mary,
For thou bear'st a woman's name,
And to deep this neighborhood
Sure, would not thy heart admire
Her, thy sheath o'as now a-fading
With a proud, indignant scorn—
Yes, I wronged thee—but not slander,
O'I cannot even endure here.

Ah, there's thou art silent!
Ring out one silvery clasp,
And every flower will be whisper
Thus the sweetest poet's rhyme!
Not a single heart-shaped petal
Tremulous on my car—
Stunning, bright, but cruel flowers,
Who dare'st send you here!

Original Novelet.

THE TWO BRIDES.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

One day, about six months after Martin Herbert had obtained the divorce from his wife, he was out together with Edward and two or three other young men, at a tavern near the city, to which they had come in a carriage. Edward was one of the guests of the house, when Anderson called and requested to see him on a matter of business. His testimony before the Legislature, by means of which Herbert obtained the divorce, he was well aware, would be the cause of a duel. Hence his testimony before the Legislature, by means of which Herbert obtained the divorce, he was aware that some intense desire did she long to fly to them and clasp them in her arms; and, it required the utmost exercise of self-control to prevent her from doing did she see but their forms—to her eyes they were so dear—and hear their voices, and, softly, to Herbert, who quite as coldly returned the eager salutation.

"I hate that man!" said Herbert, turning to Donaldson.

He spoke, although he was not aware of the fact, reached the ears of Anderson.

"He did you a service," remarked Donaldson.

"I'm disgraced me, and my children also."

Donaldson shrugged his shoulders without replying.

"I'll have it out of him yet," added Herbert.

"You'd better let it alone, Herbert," said one of the young men in company. "I know him. He's a dead shot, and as cool as a cucumber."

"I've no fear of him," quickly replied Herbert. "A duel would be murder, and I'm not the man for picking a quarrel with him. And I'll do it for you."

While they still conversed on this subject, Anderson came walking slowly down the piazza, and, on arriving at the place where Herbert and Edward were sitting, he paused, and, with countenance of a singularly contracted type, fixed his eyes steadily upon him for a few moments.

"I helped you to a divorce from your wife," said Anderson, distinctly, and in a voice that showed a sudden impulse of anger in the mind from which it came.

"What do you mean?" asked the latter, with forced calmness. His mouth had spoken.

"You hate me, do you?"

"I hate you, and I have cause," replied Herbert.

"What cause?"

"You are the base corrupter of boy who have held to me the tenderest relation in the world."

"You repudiated with! Let me say to you, Martin Herbert, that if you were as innocent as the woman you put away, the world would be better than it is. She was indictment; and that you are not innocent—not half criminal."

"You are a liar," answered Herbert, madly, as he jerked somewhat forward.

The words scarcely uttered, ere he fell, stunned by a heavy blow from Anderson, who then turned and walked away.

The consequence of this little encounter was that Herbert and Anderson met on the field, and Anderson was killed, and Herbert shot through the right breast. Herbert lingered before the ball for long for enough recovered from his injury to leave his room, and then it was but too apparent, to his wretched soul, that the world would be what it was gone, and his life suspended by a thread. He was a ruined man, and he knew it. Except in the most entire change of all his habits, an opening for his future existence could not be found. He was plunged, genitally, in their demands, and unrestrained indulgence brought the natural consequences of a constitutional weakness of his physical system. From this there was no reaction; and, in the end, death brought the life of evil in the body to a painful termination.

Did away from the world in the home of Anna Herbert, a new and still more sweet spread her devine wings—the unhappy Mrs. Herbert upon the bed of sickness, and her painful separation from her children. Intelligence of the fatal encounter between Anderson and the man who had once been her husband, had reached her ears and startled her feelings from their tender repose! They had been long in a state of torpidity, and the sudden shock to her was the announcement of Martin's death in a duel, produced prostration.

"I must go back again," she said to Anna, as soon as this news came to her.

"Not in your present condition, my dear. Let Grace to discuss her, but the desire to see her children was so strong in the mind of Mrs. Herbert, that all arguments were unavailing. The death of her husband had softened in her mind the fact that some change of feeling might arise toward her, and, that through the children, the sweet affections of her heart could flow. She urged her intention in regard to them might be removed. And so she made a journey to Philadelphia. The result of this journey will appear in the following conversation that passed between Mr. and Mrs. Herbert on the day after her arrival.

"That wretched woman is back in Philadelphia," said Mr. Herbert, on coming home from his store some hours earlier than usual.

"What! Mrs. Caroline?" returned Mrs. Herbert, with a changing countenance.

"Yes," was replied.

"What has brought her here?"

"She wants to see the children."

"Impossible!"

"So I told Mr. M——, who called to see me on the subject."

"Where is she?"

"At his house."

"He hasn't much respect for his family."

"Not a great deal. A nice companion she must be for his dear daughter!"

"When did Caroline arrive here?" asked Mrs. Herbert.

"Yesterday, I believe."

"And we're in ignorance with her, I suppose," said Mrs. Herbert. "Wretched creature! Haven't we suffered enough on her account already?"

"Enough and more than enough."

"What does Mr. M—— say?"

"Oh, a great deal. He pretends to believe her innocent of all that."

"Don't we know better?" said Mrs. Herbert, warmly.

"We do. And, as the guardians of Martin's children, it is our duty to keep them entirely separate from her. Mr. M—— placed much stress upon this. The same plea is on our side! To-morrow he is to see me again."

"For what purpose?"

"He wishes us to consider the matter well before we decide positive at least one interview between Caroline and her children."

"It is no use," said Mrs. Herbert, "none at all. Why will he press this matter?"

"It is a weakness on his part; but we can yield to no such emotion."

"No; not for a moment."

"You will have to keep the children in the house while she remains in the city; or, if they go out at all, it must be in the carriage."

"I will take good care of that," was the reply of Mrs. Herbert.

When the poor mother learned that all the earnest and friendly efforts of Mr. M—— to procure for her any degree of intercourse with her children, had proved unavailing, the extinguishment of a single ray of her family cherished possessed a strong reaction in her feelings, and she sunk into a low, nervous state, that manifested itself in constant weeping. After this, a sense of indignation at the wrong she suffered awoke in her mind, and, stimulated by the latent sympathy of her sex, and to bear again the means of their rescue.

One day, it was nearly six weeks after her return to Philadelphia, that Caroline, under the influence of Mr. Herbert, she saw her little boy and girl approaching from the opposite direction, and Edward had a keep in his hand, and, as they came to the intersection of Washington Square, the mother understood where they were going. Drawing her veil quickly over her face, she turned her footsteps in the same direction, by and interested in keeping her from her children. She walked rapidly, on the side of the street opposite to that on which the children were walking, and had not gone far when she saw them turn into the house of Mr. Herbert, she saw her little boy and girl disappear within the door, and immediately Edward had a keep in his hand, and, as they turned in the direction

Interesting Sketch.

THE FALL OF HUNGARY.

CAUSES AND THE CATASTROPHE AT VILAGOS.

BY A HUNGARIAN OFFICER.

[The Tribune translates the following interesting narrative from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. It was communicated to that paper by a gentleman of Swiss birth, who fought, during the war, in the Hungarian ranks, as an officer of Honvede, or enrolled militia:]

The war of the eventful 12th of August, 1849, rose clear and splendid over camp and town.—We were awakened from sleep in our carriage, in the main street of the place, by the rattling of wagons of every sort, the discharge of small arms, and the hum of a hydra-headed and many voiced mass. We had arrived at Vilagos from Lugos, late the evening before, not without danger and adventures. There were twelve of us who, in consideration of the dangers of the journey, had determined to continue fighting under Gorgey, and at Lippe we had been overtaken by more than thirty wagons, containing a whole company with its officers, who, like us, were all bent on going his army. And before this, a large number of men had reached the place, and all, some two thousand combatants, from the ranks of Dombinski and Emery, were reckoned as being on their way to Vilagos. There were many hurried words among them as the carriages towards Lippe immediately after the defeat at Temesvar.

On leaving Lugos, we could as little be aware of Gorgey's determination, as of the resignation of Kossuth and the entire Ministry, for the reason that these events took place in the afternoon of the same day on which we arrived at Vilagos.

A crowd of soldiers of all arms and grades was pouring through the streets. After seeking for a few moments, we learned from an officer what everybody had known there since the previous evening—the surrender of the army. We were struck as by lightning. Betrayed! was the first word which all from most of our lips, while the others exclaimed, "Gorgey has sold Gorgey! lost in Hungary! From the eyes of some fell tears of fury, from others of pain. All the officers of Gorgey's army whom we spoke with they said, believed, in their hearts, that the great us was their reverence for Gorgey a few days before, so great as to be almost idolatry. The universal detestation they now expressed for him was equally vehement. I will attempt below to make clear my views upon this difficult riddle, which, perhaps, may never find a complete solution, but without any desire to force my opinions upon others.

After going about the camp awhile, and satisfying ourselves as to the preliminary arrangements made on all the troops by the announcement of the vast step taken by the supreme General, we hastened up to the castle of Mr. Von Rukus, where were the head-quarters. In the garden I found Gen. Knezich leaning against a tree, and buried in thought. Possibly he forbohed the gloomy destiny which awaited him. (On the 6th of October he was one of the thirteen victims offered at and in the name of Latour.—He was shot along with three other Generals namely: Kiss, Dessewffy and Tiroly; twice the officers mines him, when he cried to them, "You are cowards! have you not courage to shoot a man?" The third discharge finished him on the ground.) On the terrace stood Gen. Nagy Sandor, gay, handsome as ever, and as deep earnest, conversing with other high officers He was not so able a General as Dembinski. Pitchenbug and several others, but he was a gentleman and brave aswell. At Waitzen, where he and Bechemeti (Gorgey had the honors of the day, he kept the Russians fully employed, and also as Debreczen it is well known that, for five hours, with 7,000 men, he held in check the entire Russian main body, 67,000 strong, and commanded by Gorgey's enemies. The great importance attached by the Russians to the victory at Debreczin, which cost them a thousand men, is shown by the countless decorations and the abuse of the Czar, according to which every soldier who was in this battle receives a medal in truth, if the Russians had not proved their valor in earlier wars, the Hungarian campaign would not be calculated to inspire the civilized nations of Europe with the fear of them. So much is certain, namely: that it was the preponderance of the allied powers and their overwhelming forced marches, and not Russian bravery, which overcame the armies of Hungary.

On the outer wall of the castle sat many high officers and beautiful women among them, while other officers were going back and forward.—Deepest seriousness was on every feature; conversations were going on here and there in groups and then you heard a brief laugh, but not the gay, jesting laugh which you usually hear in a camp. In the great room many magnificent ones crowding around a table, where Hermann Gor gey was writing orders for a month's pay, which were paid in Hungarian bank notes; the more lucky and favored who have their wives with them, get Austrian money.

As I came out upon the terrace again, I saw a group of staff officers pointing to a black mass which, at a great distance, was marching up from the North Western horizon in clear outline. It was the corps of Gen. Rudiger which, according to the written agreement of the day, was to meet with Gorgey, was marching to Lemnad, in order to receive the surrender of our army. I put them an officer near me of the name of Zedtwitz whom was pointed out to him. "Gentlemen," said he, "I do not deceive yourselves; the capitulation is made at fourteen!" As may easily be conceived, this remark, which, as I have supposed, was made by the supreme direction of Gorgey, caused a great agitation among us all, and being spread among all ranks in a moment, produced a deep sullen silence. A quite youthful Colonel who stood behind me, and beat strongly on board by many.—" Now the betrayal is complete; the announcement is made to him. But for moment when it is thought impossible for us to draw back." A tear of anger sparkled in the eye of the Colonel, while the bystanders could only low but terrible imprecations. Gorgey had threatened those grumbling and opposing, with death. But for this, that morning hour would have produced other and unexpected results. Courage was needed but a gifted and resolute leader who knew how to inspire the army; a spark of enthusiasm thrown among them, and they would have restored a struggle of life and death well for the Russians.

In this continuous succession of exciting and surprising scenes, the hours of the forenoon rapidly passed away. In the town one's life was almost in danger. The Honveds who filled the streets, dashed their guns at all happened, and there was a constant cracking and snapping like the fire of skirmishers. Orders signed by him from Gorgey were of no avail, for the soldiers no longer regarded him as their commander-in-chief. To protect them would have been more danger for him than for the officers. While the high staff-officer still had the weight of the name standing General's authority, the common officer had not the respect all his rank of the army was shown, a few days previously, in Transylvania.

About 2, P. M., the immense line of the army began to move toward Lemnad. In our carriages we joined the endless train in relays of all kinds, from the elegant barouche of the General, to the two-wheeled basket-cart of the market woman. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that 1,000 wagons (of course I do not include the ammunition wagons,) followed the army. All these were hurrying and running over each other; there was so much crowding and urging forward as if it were to save a meny remedy, and not to complete a melancholy and desolate catastrophe. It was an unusually hot day, men and horses panted under the heavy load and sweat, and now and then everything became immobile in thick coucis of dust. The troops marched in close order, and were not to be distinguished as soldiers of different corps. Honveds and Hungarian soldiers of various and denomination, even as officers after last battles, we had been long without eating, there still remained a trace of gaiety. The gayety however was soon accounted by hope for better times, but now to hope remained.

The troops especially attracted our attention. Not a few of them, I observed, were so deeply moved by sorrow, that they did not look up at the least notice of what was going on around them. But if a wain-load of bread or meat was thrown among them, they looked up to gain what was to a better extent. I soon learned what was the cause of this slackening of the men against the supreme officers. A few days after the capitulation, we did homage of the Russian General and to me: "If the staff-officers and the commanders of battalions and regiments were not sent to Gorgey, 'We will fight for the fatherland in spite of you. (*Hungarian Gazette*) and have nothing to do with a capitulation,' we would at once have made an uproar, and chosen a leader. Hungary, we would have said the Russians before packing. It is a shame to sell and betray an army of thirty thousand men, the best sons of the Magyars!"

About 4 o'clock we met again that dark mass which in the morning had given occasion to so many bitter sayings. Now we were nearer them. Beyond the mill brook, drawn up in front of a wood, were the immense brigades of cavalry and infantry. The place in which we were presented the following aspect:—On the left stretched out a broad plain on whose horizon lay Arad: on the right the valley was shut in by moderate hills, the last outposts of the Transylvanian Carpathians. On one of them is said to stand in picturesque majesty the ruins of Berg of Vilagos, one of the few Hungarian castles built on hills. Immediately in front was a large mill with two low buildings, that beyond the village of Lemnad. Directly opposite to us beyond the brook, our army took up its position in three columns—in the first the cavalry, in the second the powerful train of artillery, in the third the reserve of all arms. The third, the infantry. I say nothing about the details and the events of the succeeding hours, for these you well known, and have often been spoken of. In the face of the Hungarian army stood the Russians, their cavalry in front. For the last time we now heard the loud command, the last time the trumpets sounded the signal for —for the last time, the masses moved in close, serious order, given to the national temperament of our people, and not to the military discipline. But it was to lay down their arms and sink their banners before an army which the greatest of all the world's heroes had brought hither from distant, distant lands.

As I stood by the brook beholding the calamitous tragedy, thoughts of many kinds came into my mind. "Is this surrender," said I, "the only means of rescuing peace in Hungary? Was no other way open to the General than this shameful, deadly mode now adopted?"

At that moment, coming as I did from the camp of Lugos, where the news of the impending the surrender appeared almost like an act commanded by necessity. I have now the profound conviction that Gorgey's treason was the previous result of many causes, which, when we produced much more by the extreme privations and sufferings of the troops, than by the influence exercised upon the General himself. Accordingly I was temporary in its character, and by means of better food and rest might probably have been overcome. Much more threatening appeared to me the fatal disagreement of the Generals with the Ministry. The latter opposed with greater energy and resolution, insisted on vigorous prosecution of the war, and the taking of strong position near Debre, on the Transylvanian frontier, where Bem wanted to feed the army, brought down from the mountains. But the morning, three at noon, and there at night, until he had collected an efficient army, Vetter, Dombinski, and others, would not hear of a retrograde movement. Gorgey was for it. In fact, at the siege of Temesvar, Gen. Vetsey's army was far from imposing such privations upon itself. His army, and the latter in consequence of greater energy and resolution, insisted on strong position near Debre, on the Transylvanian frontier, where Bem wanted to feed the army, brought down from the mountains. But the morning, three at noon, and there at night, until he had collected an efficient army, Vetter, Dombinski, and others, would not hear of a retrograde movement. Gorgey was for it. In fact, at the siege of Temesvar, Gen. Vetsey's army was far from imposing such privations upon itself. His army, and the latter in consequence of greater energy and resolution, insisted on vigorous prosecution of the war, and the taking of

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1846.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

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TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

We alluded, last week, to the recent awful catastrophe of the burning of the steamboat Gi-ffith, on Lake Erie. Further particulars have reached us by the Buffalo and Cleveland papers. According to the statement of Mr. R. G. Parks, one of the survivors, the fire was first discovered at four o'clock in the morning, when the boat was about fourteen miles from Cleveland, and three from the shore. It appeared to proceed from the second deck forward of the wheel. Under the orders of the second mate, the boat was immediately headed for the shore, within half a mile at which she struck a bar, and the flames burst out in all directions. The second mate and the passengers to save themselves; the wood piles were thrown over, and the passengers jumped overboard. Mr. Parks, who was first steamed on board, on the upper deck, forward of the wheel-house, with his family, sold the land, and sold the flames drove him off. He then threw over a bale of cotton, jumped after it, and the barber's wife, and jumped in himself, and remained on the surface a moment with his wife in his arms, when a wave separated them. Seven ladies and children were in the cabin—all lost, but the captain's wife.

Mr. Parks jumped overboard; he could not swim; fastest he could, but soon sank. With the barber's wife, a German woman and two children boys, where they remained until taken off by a small boat. He rescued about twenty persons all saved. There were about two hundred and fifty steerage passengers, from Germany, and thirty cabin passengers.

It appears that great efforts had been made to arrest the flames, when first discovered, that the passengers were aroused from sleep, and warned of their danger. Every one was under the impression that cannot was appalling beyond description.

The only place that was not pervaded by flame or suffocating smoke, was the stern, where the three hundred human beings were huddled, preparing a raft that would equal the steamer in heat. Water within less than a mile of shore. The boat could not be kept afloat more than an hour.

At one moment the flames were fast approaching the powder magazine, and the late Edict was in immediate as to force them into the Lake to save themselves from the flames. Many did so, in the manner after the boat stopped she was driven ashore, and the lake filled with the one hundred persons struggling in the flood. Shockers were heard above the roar of the flames, the struggling mass below as they both well to endure a moment longer. Many were thus driven to lose his offspring overboard and then jumped after it, and both were lost. The scene of carnage, drove the Lake was red, and the water ran, and within a few minutes nearly all those who had not left the boat were lost. Only one boat was launched, and that was the barber's wife, another floating on the bottom, containing a few persons, was discovered by the steamer Detroit, and taken to Cleveland.

Peter Dahl, cabin-boy, saved himself and five others. At first the lad was frightened, but recovering himself, he got a rope, one end of which he took on the water. The boat-hook fell into the water, and the lad, with two men to each end, and with a few minutes nearly all those who had not left the boat were lost. Only one boat was launched, and that was the barber's wife, another floating on the bottom, containing a few persons, was discovered by the steamer Detroit, and taken to Cleveland.

The estimate in the vicinity of the disaster will not have been less than 150 in number.

The Cleveland Herald says:

We will the scene of the week at two o'clock this afternoon, and at that time our streets were filled with the relatives and friends of most of those who were lost. Many of the dead were brought to this city during the morning, and the sight of the coffins, and the sad faces of the mourners, was a matter of the saddest character that we have ever witnessed. The emigrants, accosted by the friends of their countrymen, who had been before them, and who arrived at the scene of the disaster, were met on the streets by the friends of those who had been lost, and who had arrived in the city before the boat. Many of the scenes among the board, with green leaves and flowers, and the dead were laid upon it. The procession was then formed, and moved to the Public Square, where the remains were deposited in the vault. The scene was one of the most affecting

Selected Poetry.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

BY FATHER PROUT.

With fond affection,
And recollection
I often think on the Shandon Bells
Whose sounds so wild, would
In days of childhood,
Throw o'er my cradle their magic spells
On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee—
With thy Bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee!

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their tones rolling down the Tiviron
To where ripples gently
On classic Hydra,
Or where blue Vesuvius
Threatens Lava
To roll down in torrents;
But all their sonnis spoke nought like those
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the city's banks (ring)
Is wild notes free,
Made the Bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee!

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their tones rolling down the Tiviron
To where ripples gently
On classic Hydra,
From the lofty towers of Notre Dame;
But their tones wanted
Then the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber so stately—
"Tis the Bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O!
In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets,
And, high in air,
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering minarets of red sandstone;
Such empty phantom,
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me—
In the Bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

* "Father Prout," as he was familiarly called, was an Irish Ecclesiastic, who flourished in the last century. He was particularly celebrated for a work that he penned under the title of "Reliques of Father Rennion," in which he so successfully imitated many of the ancient Greek and Latin, and modern French poets, that he almost succeeded in convincing the world that the productions of his pen alone were plagiarized from other languages. The above poem is from the "Reliques," a book now out of print.

Singular Story.

OLD TIME KNOCKINGS.

Since the "knockings" have become such a prominent subject of discussion, reference has been made to some that took place in the old time, in the house of the Rev. Mr. Wesley, father of the celebrated founder of the Methodists. The incredulous reader will observe that Mr. Wesley, with his usual sagacity, could not in such a length as even to set his horse on fire—and such would have been doubtless well pleased to suppose him crazed, with respect to everything but veracity. The account is very curious, however—no chapter of the "knockings" having ever been discovered.—*Ed. Nat. Kee. Fact.*

RETREAT FROM SOUTHEY'S "LIFE OF WESLEY."

The assertion of John Wesley was most respectable. His father, was a minister of the Church of England, of settled piety and considerable; his mother, a woman of extraordinary mind and great piety.

John, the founder of the Methodists, was born at Epworth on the 17th of June, 1703. Epworth is a market-town in the Lindsey division of the county of Lincoln, irregularly built, and containing at that time in the parish almost two thousand souls. The inhabitants are chiefly employed in the culture and preparation of hemp and flax, in spinning these articles, and in the manufactory of cooking and bagging. Mr. Wesley found the parsonage-house in a condition quite disgraceful to a house which he discharged his duty in admonishing them of their sins, and excited a spirit of disorderly hatred in these whom it failed to reclaim. Some of these worthies twice attempted to set her house on fire, without success; and the second time in a third attempt. At midnight some pieces of burning wood fell from the roof level to it, by which one of the children lay, and burnt her clothes. Before the sound of cries of fire and fear was roused by a cry of fire from the street. While imagining that it was in his own house, he opened the door and found it full of smoke, and that the roof was already burnt through. He with being ill at the time, slept apart from the rest, and in a separate room. Rushing her and the two eldest girls true and safe from the house, he broke open the nursery door, where she maid was sleeping with five children. She sustained up the youngest, and bade the others follow her. Her three elder did so, but John, who was then six years old, was not awakened; and all, in the alarm and confusion he was forgotten. By the time they reached the hall, the house was all spread every where around them, and Mr. Wesley then found that the keys of the house-door were above stairs. He ran and recovered them a minute before the stair-case took fire. When the door was opened, a strong north-east wind drove in the flames with such violence from the side of the house, that it was impossible to stand against them. Some of the children got through the windows, and others through a little door into the garden. Mrs. Wesley could not reach the garden door, and was not in a condition to climb in the window: after their labors in attempting to face the flames, and shrinking as from the fiery heat around, she besought Christ in fervent faith: she then, to use her own expression, passed through the fire, and escaped with the utmost naked as she was, with some slight scratching of her hands and face. At that time John, who had not been remembered till that moment, was heard by some in the house to cry, and was remembered in the chamber. The father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed that they could not bear his weight, and being utterly in despair, he kneeled down on the hall, and in agony commended the soul of the child to God. John had been awakened by the light, and thinking it was day, called to the maid: but finding it suffocating, he removed to the door, opened the curtains, and saw stream of fire upon the top of the room. He ran to the door, and finding it impassable, returned to the window, and upon a chest which stood near the window, and he was then near the yard. There was no means for procuring a ladder, but it was happily a low house—one man was hoisted upon the shoulders of another, and could then reach the window, so as to take him out: a moment later and it would have been too late. The people in the yard had, at first, taken little notice of the fire. The alarm was carried out to the house where his parents were, the father cried out, "Come, neighbors, let us kneel down—let us give thanks to God. He has given me all my eight children—let the house go, I am rich enough." But when they remembered this providential deliverance through fire with the engraved gratitude, it is reflected on it he had a house in flames engraved as an emblem under one of the portraits, with these words for the motto, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

While John was at school, certain disturbances occurred in his father's house, to be unaccountable that every person by whom they were witnessed believed them to be supernatural. At the latter end of the year 1715, the most servant was terrified by hearing at the chamber door the noise of a formal groan, as of a person at the point of death. His family also were heard to hear it; some of them conceived in laugh but out of her fears; but a few nights afterward they began to hear strange knockings, usually three or four at a time, in different parts of the house: every person knew them to be unusual. Mr. Wesley himself, on accounting to vulgar opinion, such sounds were not audible to the individual if he were by them deceived only, they refrained from telling him, lest he should be terrified: but he observed his own ceased, as they indeed all apprehended. At length, however, the disturbance became so great and so frequent, that few or none of the family dared be alone, and Mrs. Wesley thought it better to inform her husband: for it was not possible that the matter could long be concealed from him: and moreover, as she was a woman minded he should speak to it. The sexton was now various as well as strange, loud rumblings above stairs, a clatter among the pewter on the shelf of bottles, as if they had all at once been dashed to pieces, footsteps as of a man going up and down stairs at all hours of the night, across the hall of dancing in the empty room, the door of which was locked, gobbling like a turkey cock, but most frequently a knocking about the beds at night, and in different parts of the house. Mr. Wesley would at first have persuaded the children and servants that it was occasioned by rats within doors, and mischievous persons without; and last husband had recourse to the same ready solution: or some of his daughters, he supposed, set up late and made a noise: and a bolt that those lovers might have something to do with the mystery made the young ladies hastily leap

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Wit and Humor.

TURKISH JESTS.

Khojah Effendi was once invited to a banquet: he went in an old, dirty, and tattered garment, and of course found that no one paid him the slightest attention. He slyly slipped away, and he decked himself in a splendid pelisse and new garments, and returned to the scene of festivity. He was received with honor at the door, saluted with a shower of compliments, and seated in one of the highest seat. As the dishes were presented to him, he dipped in each the sleeves of his pelisse. "Khojah Effendi!" exclaimed the astonished guests, "what are you doing?"

"Since all the respect shown me is owing to my garments, it is but fair that they should participate in the feast."

A man came to the Khojah saying, "Effendi, I have need of an ass to-day: have the kindness to lend me yours."

"I have not an ass here," said the Khojah; "but at the same moment the animal began to bray in the stable.

"Ha!" said the man, "do not I hear your ass braying behind you in the stable?"

"What!" exclaimed the Khojah, "would you take the word of an ass before that of a man? It happened once that the Kazi (judge) of Akshehr (a village not far from Constantinople) got drunk, and fell asleep in his vineyard; the Khojah, walking with a friend, passed by the place, and saw the Kazi's condition, and at once climbed and placed it upon his own shoulders. When they had proceeded a little further, the sleeping Kazi awoke, and fancying himself in heaven, cried out, "Allah! Allah! I am willing to resign it in favor of Khojah Effendi."

"No, no, Khojah!" cried the Kazi, alarmed at his reputation; "it is none of mine! it is none of mine!"

CURING A NIBBLER.

Some people have a very ugly way of laying violent hands on small trifles that don't belong to them, which cost others money, and which they don't think of paying for. Uncle, was, there well known that gracerson pay about the sensitest point about other mendicity—that is, the price of any article of eating into a store to purchase ten cents' worth of, and then eat it up on the spot, one, too,—and while they wait for the goods to be put up, they amuse themselves by a system of sugar, germanicize as well as by those the latches were frequently lifted up; the window curtained were put before their eyes, the room, and whatever iron or brass was there, rung and jarred exceedingly. It was observed also, that the wind commonly rose after any of his noises, and increased with it, and whistled round the house, as in a violent storm, though it did it was before our patteries had pushed their doors into every room in the house. Frequently he fancied one day upon the table, in his usual amusement; and the hand of Robin's hand-mill, or another time, was heard to grind as we should have done; unluckily Robin had just done grinding. Nothing went long but the sieve, and that was empty: if there had been corn in it, it always might have ground to meal: otherwise he would have disturbed him. It was plainly a facetious gambol, and seldom suffered Mr. Wesley to rest in his bed. Sometimes he would leave his room, and retreated to a room where he could be undisturbed